

The Tragedy of Hamlet

*Ham.* Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor; sute the action to the word, the word to the action, with this speciall observance, that you ore-step not the modestie of Nature: For any thing so ore-done is from the purpose of playing, whose end both at first, and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the Mirrour up to nature, to shew vertue her feature, scorne her owne image, and the very age and body of the time his forme and presture: now, this over-done, or come tardy of, though it makes the unskilfull laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one must in your allowance ore-weigh a whole Theater of others. O there be Players that I have seene play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Natures Jouray-men had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

*Play.* I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us.

*Ham.* O reforme it altogether: and let those that play your Clownes speake no more than is set downe for them, for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantitie of barren spectators to laugh too, though in the meane time some necessary question of the Play be then to be considered: that's villanous, and shewes a most pitifull ambition in the Foole that uses it: goe, make you ready. How now my Lord? will the King heare this piece of worke?

*Enter Polonius, Gyldesterne, and Rosencrans.*

*Pol.* And the Queene too, and that presently.

*Ham.* Bid the Players make haste. Will you two help to hasten

*Ref.* I my Lord. *Exeunt those two.* (them)

*Ham.* What hoe, Horatio?

*Hora.* Here sweet Lord, at your service.

*Ham.* Horatio, thou art een as just a man  
As ere my conversation cop't withall.

*Hora.* O my deare Lord.

*Ham.* Nay, doe not thinke I flatter,  
For what advancement may I hope from thee  
That no revenue hast but thy good spirits  
To feed and cloath thee? why should the poor be flattered?

No,

Prince of Denmark

No, let the candied tongue l  
And crooke the pregnant hi  
Where thrift may follow faw  
Since my deare soule was Mi  
And could of men distinguish  
Sh'ath seal'd thee for her selfe  
As one in suffering all that fu  
A man that fortunes buffers a  
Hast ta'n with equall thanks  
Whose blood and judgement  
That they are not a pipe for f  
To sound what stop the pleas  
That is not passions slave, and  
In my hearts core, I, in my h  
As I doe thee. Something t  
There is a play to night befor  
One Scene of it comes neere  
Which I have told thee of m  
I prethee when thou seest tha  
Even with the very commen  
Observe my uncle: if his occ  
Doe not it selfe unkennell in  
It is a damned Ghost that we  
And my imaginations are as  
As *Vulcans* stithy: give him b  
For I mine eyes will rivet to  
And after we will both our ju  
Incensure of his seeming.

*Hora.* Well my Lord,  
If a steale ought the whilst th  
And scape deteccion, I will p

*Enter Trumpets and*  
*Queen, P*

*Ham.* They are comming to  
Get you a place.

*King.* How fares our Cousi

*Ham.* Excellent ifaith,  
Of the Cameleons dish, I ear